

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1852.

[NUMBER XLVI.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE PRIOR'S TALE.

(In Continuation.)

MEANWHILE Matilda, conscious in her innocence, and rejoicing in her escape, pursued a wandering course thro' the unfrequented paths of this mountainous district, during three whole days and nights, partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions she had taken with her, but more from a degree of insanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural strength, yet, in her distracted mind, this last instance of Theresa's wickedness had excited a disgust and loathing, bordering on fury against every religious or monastic institution.

During the whole month of Matilda's noviciate, no intercourse of any kind had passed betwixt her and Albert, who continued under the protection of this house, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all the other transactions which I have now related. Yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he resolved once more to attempt some means of gaining admittance to her convent. With this view he made a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant, and on the very morning in which his mistress had escaped, he presented himself at the gate.

Conrad, who by letter from the Abbess had been informed that the prisoner was fled, was desired to come immediately, and devise some excuse to the sisters for what had happened, for although both to

Conrad and Theresa the fact was evident enough, yet the sister nuns were distracted with conjectures; till, by one of those artful stretches of assurance, which consummate villainy finds it easy to exert, Conrad recommended a plausible expedient.

And now religion, that constant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked, presented itself as the only resource in this emergency. Theresa was taught to say for the present, that she had no doubt the sinful reluctance of Matilda to receive the veil had excited the wrath of heaven, and that she was miraculously snatched away, or perhaps annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony, at which she most that day have assisted.

This plan had been settled, and Conrad was going with all haste, in pursuit of the fugitive, when at the outer gate he met the pretended peasant. The penetrating eye, either of love or hatred, soon discovers a friend or enemy, however carefully concealed. Conrad and Albert knew each other. Instantly the flames of hatred, jealousy, and fury, kindled in their bosoms—and Conrad seizing Albert by the throat, exclaimed, "I've caught the villain, the sacrilegious ravisher!" A severe struggle ensued, in which Conrad drew his sword, but Albert, who had no weapon, dexterously wrenched the instrument from the hand of Conrad, and plunged it in his bosom. The villain fell, while Albert fled with the utmost precipitation from the bloody scene and returned in the evening to this convent.

How shall I describe, said the good

old Monk, the contrast betwixt the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us? Then, innocence faintly enlightened by a gleam of hope, smiled in his features, as he cheerfully bid us adieu, and said: perhaps I may again hear tidings of Matilda. Should the will of heaven deny me happiness with her, I will come back resigned, and dedicate my future life to holy meditation void of guilt. But now he returned breathless and pale, his hands besmeared with blood, his limbs trembling. He could only utter, in faltering words, 'Save me, reverend fathers! save me from justice, from myself, if possible! Behold a murderer!'

Some hours elapsed, before we could collect from him the circumstances of a crime, which had produced this extreme degree of horror and compunction in a mind so virtuous and innocent as that of Albert; and having heard the whole, in which he took all the blame to his own hasty conduct, we promised him protection, and endeavoured, though in vain, for two whole days, to speak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inspire confidence in the boundless mercy of his God. On the third day we were delivered from this arduous task, by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs. The poor animal, who had been out all day, was restless, and shewed evident marks of a desire that we should accompany him to the relief of some poor wretch, who was unable to reach our convent.

Father Jerome and I resolved to follow him, and we proceeded about half a mile when we turned from the beaten path, guided by our dog, to a retired glen

where human foot had hardly ever trod before. Here on a rock, which projected over a dreadful precipice, sat an unhappy, half-distracted object; I need not tell you, it was Matilda.—She had crept with wonderful difficulty up a steep ascent to a ledge of rocks, which overhung a fearful chasm (the very recollection of the place freezes my blood!) when we first discovered her, she was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew which grew from a fissure in the rock above, and which half shaded her melancholy figure.

"The dog followed her steps; but Jerome and I, unable to ascend a path so dangerous, stood unobserved by her, at a little distance, on the opposite side of the glen.

"When Matilda first perceived the dog, she looked with wildness round her, then fixing her eyes with tenderness on the animal, she said, "Are you returned to me again? and are you now my friend? Fie, fie upon it! Shall even dogs seduce the helpless!—Perhaps you repent of what you would have done—You look piteously. Alas! Matilda can forgive you!—Poor brute, you know I followed you all the day long, and would have followed you forever, but that you led me to a detested Convent!—Thither Matilda will not go—Why should you lead me to prison? a dog cannot plead Religion in excuse for treachery?" She paused, then taking a rosary of pearls from her side, she fantastically wound it about the dog's neck, saying, "I have a boon to ask, and thus I bribe you, these precious beads are yours: now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and see all the world.—Then I shall know whether my Albert still be living—Ah, no! for then Matilda would be happy! and that can never be!" She then burst into a flood of tears, which seemed to give her some relief.

"When I thought she was sufficiently composed, Jerome and I discovered ourselves. On this she shrieked, and hid her

face; but calling to her, I said, "Albert is still alive." She looked at us, till by degrees she had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, she seized him by the throat, and would have dashed him down the precipice, saying, "Ah, traitor! is it thus thou hast betrayed me?" But the animal struggled, and got from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried, "Here I am safe, deceitful monsters! safe from the tyranny of your religious persecution; for, if you approach one single step, I plunge into this yawning gulph, and so escape your power.—Ha! ha! ha!"—Then recovering from a frantic laugh, she said, "Yet tell me, did you not say that Albert lives? Oh! that such words had come from any lips but those of a false Monk!—I know your arts; with you such falsehoods are religious frauds; this is a pious lie, to ensnare a poor helpless linnet to its cage: but I tell you, cunning priests! here I defy you: nor will I ever quit this rock, till Albert's voice assures me I may do it safely."

"You may easily imagine (continued the monk) the situation of Jerome and myself. Ignorant then of the manner in which Matilda had escaped, we could only know from her words and actions that it was she herself, and that her senses were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one false step would dash her headlong down the dreadful chasm that parted us, at length I said, "Gentle maid, be comforted; Albert and Matilda may yet be happy." Then leaving Jerome concealed among the bushes to watch the poor lunatic, I hastened to the Convent, to relate what I had seen.

"Meanwhile, Matilda looking with vacant stare around her, from time to time repeated my words "Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;" then pausing, she seemed delighted with the sound re-echoed from the rocks, again repeating, "Albert and Matilda may yet be happy;" still varying the modulation of her voice, as

joy, grief, doubt, despair, or hope, alternately prevailed in her disordered mind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

Addressed to a Lady, attached to a Person very much her Inferior.

MARRIAGE determines, in this world, the happiness or misery of those who engage in it. There is no medium in this connexion. Affection, sanctioned by reason, gives the one: passion, blinding, perverting passion, will, most assuredly cause the other.

The question, therefore, which should be applied to the heart of any woman, whose thoughts address themselves to the nuptial state, are these: Is the object virtuous? If he is not virtuous, there is an end of all reasonable hopes of happiness. As to suitableness, consult your understanding in the following manner. Is his temper and turn of mind, in any degree, similar to my own? Has his education been such as to qualify him to be a pleasing companion to me? Or, if not, can I so far forget my education, as to descend to a level with him, that he may be so?

Is his fortune sufficient to support me as I could wish? Or is his profession and industry equal to the maintenance of a family? Or will it be necessary for a wife to assist him in it; and, if so, am I qualified, and willing to do it?

If you can answer these questions with an unprejudiced and deliberate affirmative, you may marry the person who is the object of preference, with every reasonable expectation of being happy.

A perfect similitude of disposition is not to be found, nor is it necessary; but some degree of it, nay, a considerable degree of it, in leading principles, is es-

essential to married happiness. A woman of polished education will find it very difficult, indeed, to be happy with a husband who has received little or no education at all.

A great fortune is by no means necessary to happiness; but the means of support are absolutely requisite.

Suitableness in temper, education, and the means of living, are solid foundations of happiness: but the high flown romantic fancies, the unrestrained liberty, the love of sway, &c. &c. which are so commonly made the chief objects of matrimonial engagements, will prove vain and empty illusions.

An illiterate man, however virtuous, cannot be suitable to you. A man without education and refined sentiment, may love you, I will confess; but not in a manner that is agreeable to you; for, as he will not be able to comprehend the extent of your excellence, he cannot love you as you merit to be loved. Tenderness may be his, but not that tenderness which "sighs and looks unutterable things."

If you possess sentiments different from these, you must be under the influence of a passion which will be fatal to you. The heart is never so deceitful to itself, as when it is warmed with the tender passion: nor ever so inattentive to the cool admonitions of friendship. But, remember that marriage, like death, excludes all possibility of benefiting by experience. In this case, experience ceases to be a director. The scourge is in his hand, and it may become a severe executioner.

F.

AN AFFECTED ITALIAN FAMILY.

Lodovico, walking into the apartment where the party was assembled, introduced to it his friend Claudio.

Signora Clementina was reclined on a sofa, and, extending her hand to Lodovico,

without attempting to rise, she said, in a laughing tone, "Signor, you must excuse my getting up to receive you, my nerves are shattered with the journey—I hope your friend won't think me affected for not rising."

Claudio bowed in silence.

"He is too well bred, you see," answered Lodovico, "to speak the truth; but you know I always think you horribly affected."

One of the daughters shrieked, snatched a bottle of perfume from the table, and ran and held it out under her mother's nostrils. "Exquisite child!" cried Signora Clementina, "how well did I divine your sensitive nature, when I gave you the name of *Sensibilla*. This dear girl feared my spirits would experience a shock from your abrupt accusation of affectation, because she knows it to be what my nature most dislikes to be suspected of, and flew to me with this essence of roses to arrest my senses in their fall." She kissed her daughter's neck, then added, "Don't be alarmed, dear child; I don't mind Signor Lodovico's railery."

"Come," replied Lodovico, "I will deal fairly too by you, Signora; I'll tell when, I dare say, you were not affected at all, not half so much as even I could have wished to have seen you."

"Pray, let me hear when that was?"

"When you saw your pretty daughter take the veil: if you had been half so much affected at that sight as I should have been, you would have rescued her from the gloom of a convent's walls, before it was too late."

"Oh, Signor!" rejoined the lady, "*Delicilla* was of too tender a composition to move in the world at large with comfort to herself; for that reason I placed her in the happy seclusion to which she has just retired. You may conceive what a convulsion rent my nerves, when I

heard her pronounce the vows of eternal separation from her affectionate mother—but I suppose you call both that and the tears which now rush into my eyes, *affectation*." She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but there was little doubt that it returned from them without moisture.

"Well," resumed Lodovico, "and are these young ladies to pass their lives in the same happy seclusion from their fellow-creatures?"

"Oh, no!" replied Clementina; "I study the disposition of my children, and am convinced the gloom of a convent would affect the senses of *Sensibilla*: delicately alive to the tenderest touch of feeling, she would expire when she was deprived of animated objects to give her the bliss of calling forth her sensibility; her soul of exquisite sensation expands over a romance, and her heart feels all the warmth of friendship and affection for this little dog *Luppetto*. It is not long ago, that she neither slept nor eat for six and thirty hours, because she thought the dear little creature had got the tooth-ache."

"Then, as to *Languillila*," Signora Clementina went on, "you see in what a waking slumber, what a trance of languishment the sweet girl now reclines upon that chair; nothing but music can rouse her soft powers;—strike the lute, my dear *Sensibilla*, and invite your sister to cast her soft blue eyes upon us for a moment."

Sensibilla complied with her mother's request, and *Languillila* raised her head, and opened her eyes, and sunk into her former position.

It was evident that these young ladies had been tutored to assume characters corresponding with the names given to them by their ridiculous mother. The folly of the one was to be despised; the compliance of the other to be pited; and it was difficult to suppress a laugh at both.

CHARACTER OF THE MALAY SLAVES.

—Thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hircanian tigers gave thee suck.

THE Dutch, at the Cape of Good Hope, import many slaves, both from Asia and Africa; those from the Malay Isles are particularly ferocious and vindictive. The slaves of the Malay race are tolerably numerous, and employed in many kinds of laborious work, such as gardening, and attending the grounds belonging to the pleasure-houses round the town, and in the kitchens, and the drudgery work belonging to them. They are also often employed in fishing and procuring fuel. This class of people are extremely vindictive, treacherous and ferocious; implacable in their revenge, and on the slightest provocation or imaginary insult, will commit murder. They are indeed a scourge to the people they come among. Many shocking murders have been committed by the Malay slaves on their masters and mistresses: not for the purpose of robbing, but merely to gratify their thirst of revenge, which nothing but the blood of their object can satisfy, tho' at the certain loss of their own lives. When a Malay has determined on revenge, he takes a quantity of opium, to work himself up to a state of madness, when he rushes out with a knife, or dagger, which is called a *krees*; and, after putting to death the original object of his infernal passion, he next rushes at every one he meets, till he is at length overpowered and taken; which, perhaps, is not the case till several victims fall before him. Nothing but a lucky shot or blow, that stuns him to the earth, will ensure the safety of his opponent, as he proceeds with such a savage fierceness and impetuosity, that it is reckoned a most arduous and dangerous service to encounter him in this state. This is what is called *running a muck*; on the slightest alarm of which, every one flies before him, and escapes the best way he can. Whoever kills a Malay, in the act of *running a muck*, is entitled to a very high reward

from government, and he certainly deserves it; for the most cool and intrepid are scarcely a match for the Malay, when worked to this pitch of desperate madness.

The two following instances happened when I was at Cape Town:—A Malay, for some insult, or necessary chastisement received from his master, drew a knife, and stabbed him to the heart, and immediately rushed into the streets with the weapon reeking with the blood of his unfortunate victim. The first person he met was a very fine slave girl, about seventeen years old, into whose face he darted the dreadful weapon. Fortunately, a country farmer was, at the moment, passing by Strand-street, where it happened; and, having a gun loaded in the waggon he was driving, fired and killed the Malay on the spot. If this shot had not succeeded in bringing him down, I and a brother officer, who came to the spot a few moments after, would, in all probability, have been his next victims. The poor slave girl died a few hours after. This was the second time that a slave of the Malay race, *running a muck*, was prevented from falling in with me. Once indeed, at Ponamala, in the East Indies, I very narrowly escaped, having been slightly wounded in the arm by a Malay, who had attacked some seapoys; and if I had not been fortunate enough to give him, at the first cut, so severe a wound as to disable him, he would certainly have put me to death. The *krees* he struck me with was poisoned; and my arm, in consequence, swelled to a very great degree, and for some time it was thought that I should have lost it, if not my life. I must here remark, that I received the greatest benefit from the *eau de luce*, which I have reason to believe is a valuable antidote against poison; it has been found to prevent fatal effects from the most venomous bites of snakes. Dr. Anderson, of Madras, was the first who administered it in those cases, and found its beneficial effects.

Another instance of the barbarity of

this race of slaves, which happened at the Cape whilst I was there, occurred in a Malay, who, on being refused leave by his master to go out to a festival, or merrymaking, with his fellows, took a knife, and stabbed him to the heart; then went to his mistress in the adjoining room, and committed on her the same barbarous and inhuman act. An old Malabar slave, who was cutting wood before the door, having observed him perpetrate these horrid murders, watched the opportunity as he was rushing out of the door, and, striking him on the head with the axe, with which he was cleaving the wood, killed him on the spot. The government was generous enough to reward the Malabar with his liberty, and one hundred dollars. The Malays are certainly the most active and laborious race, do a great deal of work, and of every kind; and are equally useful in tilling and cultivating the ground, as at those works which require mechanical dexterity.

[Percival's account of the Cape of Good Hope.]

From La Belle Assemblée.

ON THE
ADOPTION OF THE MALE COSTUME
BY WOMEN.

THE object of dress is undoubtedly to please. To attain this end it is necessary that dress should dexterously set off the charms of a woman, that it should display to advantage her captivating form and tend to develop her native graces. Those females who adopt the costume of the other sex, seem ignorant of what tends to enhance the effect of their charms.

The male costume destroys all the advantages which the fair sex has received from nature; and women, by adopting this costume, relinquish all the means of seduction with which nature has endowed them.

If women appear pleasing in the eyes

of the other sex, it is because they are women; nobody, I presume, will dispute this principle. The attraction, therefore, consists in the difference of sex; consequently, that must be the most voluptuous dress which displays this difference, in the most striking manner. Establish a similarity of dress between the two sexes, confound their costume, and you destroy, in the eyes of the men, the charm which captivates them.

The dress of women should differ in every point from that of men. This difference ought even to extend to the choice of stuffs; for a woman habited in cloths, is less feminine than if she were clothed in transparent gauze, in light muslin, or in soft and shining silk. What woman is there, but would please us more in an elegant robe, than in one of those massive riding dresses, which produce such a bad effect, especially on women who are not tall, and have rather too much *embonpoint*. Perhaps women have gained nothing by adopting shoes as flat as those of men, which give them a firm and bold step, not exactly adapted to their sex. God forbid that I should wish to revive those heels of such extravagant and ridiculous height; but were there a greater contrast between the women's shoes and ours, the former would appear the handsomer for it. An author has observed, that there is somewhat feminine in every thing that pleases. In my opinion, the inverse of this proposition is equally true, and I would say—in every thing that is feminine, there is somewhat pleasing.

A female who relinquishes her proper dress to assume that of men, loses all the graces of her sex, without obtaining any of the advantages of ours. Is she handsome? the male costume will very ill become her. Does the dress of our sex, on the contrary, become her well? this very circumstance accuses her of a form by no means adapted to her sex; she is no longer a handsome woman. Wherefore, then, do women assume a costume

with which they can, at best, but make themselves look ridiculous.

It is true that it is not always the desire of pleasing that induces women to adopt a disguise, which, under every circumstance, is so ill adapted to them. The love of change, of novelty, and still more the desire of unlimited liberty, these are the motives that lead them to sacrifice cheerfully the graces of their sex, in order to obtain a small portion of what they term the felicity of ours; for, it should be observed, by the way, that women think the enjoyment of perfect liberty the greatest of earthly blessings. Accordingly, they appear less beautiful in our eyes, for the purpose of appearing less amiable; they relinquish almost all their physical advantages, in order to give us a bad notion of their moral qualities! they consent to renounce the qualities of their own sex, to prove to us that they have the faults of ours!

I should imagine that when women assume the male habit, it proceeds either from injudicious coquetry, a propensity to change, or a love of liberty. These causes, in general, are but temporary, and the female who acts only from such frivolous motives, soon becomes disgusted with a disguise which affords so little compensation.

But there are females who adopt this costume from decided preference, who constantly wear it, whom it even suits extremely well, and who are awkward in female habiliments, to such we have nothing to say; nature missed her aim in creating them, she produced only mutilated men, and we are at present addressing ourselves to none but women.

Such was the celebrated native of Tonnerre, who has so long gone by the appellation of the Chevalier d'Éon; such is also the less famous, but not less valiant female of thirty, who, being abandoned fifteen or sixteen years ago by her lover, renounced her sex, and listening

only to the dictates of despair, embraced the profession of arms. Unhappy as the votary of Cupid, she was the more fortunate in her devotion to Mars. From that period, she has been continually engaged in the service, has endured with fortitude every kind of fatigue, has been present in various engagements, and her bosom, destined by nature for a gentler purpose, bears the honourable marks of several wounds received in battle. During the revolution, a decree directed all women who were with the army to be sent home. At the moment when our heroine was employed in carrying an order, she was stopped by an officer, who informed her of the law putting an end to her service. Indignantly drawing her sabre, she threatened to dispatch the imprudent man, who avoided death by a precipitate retreat, and our female prosecuted her commission. An exception was demanded, and obtained, in her favour alone; she remained with the army, where she is still. I shall not mention her name; but she is known to the Generals under whom she served, to General Lannes, and General Augereau; she is esteemed by the officers, and respected by the common soldiers. For sixteen years she has exhibited proofs of all the qualities which constitute an excellent officer, and she is free from the suspicion of any intrigue, or any of the foibles of her sex.

Such, ladies, is the course you ought to pursue when you adopt the male habit; and as you renounce the amiable qualities of your sex, display at least the masculine virtues of ours. We will then acknowledge you to be useful men, and assign you a place in our ranks; otherwise the assumption of male attire is but a ridiculous masquerade, which should not be tolerated except at the time of the carnival.

I am perfectly aware that woman is not destined by nature to bear arms; but nature has her irregularities; and if we have women-warriors, so to make amends we have also our men-milliners. But

the man-milliner ought by all means to assume the female dress, that the metamorphosis might be complete, and that the plumage of this rare bird might correspond with his song.

BULLETIN OF A RAKE,

For Twenty-four hours.

10 o'clock A. M.—Got out of bed. D—h sick. Drank a pint of gin last night. Must quit it. Begin to-morrow. So I said yesterday.

11 o'clock.—Got myself shaved. Put on clean linen. Felt a little squeamish. Took another jelup. Began to feel myself. Made me giddy though. Got a little appetite. Didn't eat much. Drank plenty of coffee. Fine beverage that. Like it strong. So I do grog too.

12 o'clock.—Saunter'd the street. Lounged at corners. Eyed the girls. Pretty baggages. Like to kiss e'm. Pouting lips best.

1 o'clock.—Saw Dick Gosling. Ask'd me home to dinner. Plenty to eat. Got a sister. Fine girl that. Made love to her. Felt unwell from last night's frolic. Look'd pale. Couldn't eat neither. Whis per'd Dick's sister. Told her I was sick from love of her. Good excuses too.

2 o'clock.—Finish'd dinner. Began to drink. That's my sort. Quite lively. Drank a quart of wine. Pretty much by the head. Went to kiss the girls. Gave me a slap. Knock'd fire out of my eye. Couldn't see for a minute. All stars before my eyes. Company tittered. I laughed. Hurt me though. *Mem.* Mind how I kiss girls again.

3 o'clock.—Made for home. Didn't walk quite strait. Don't think any body noticed it. Took a little more wine. Quite sewed up.

4 o'clock.—Went to bed. Snor'd roundly.

5 o'clock.—Snoring still.

6 o'clock.—Waked. Plaguy sick. Had the hiccups.—Squeamish at the stomach. Discharged the contents. Fell asleep again.

7 o'clock.—Snoring at a round rate—

8 o'clock.—Wak'd up, rubb'd my eyes, strok'd back my hair. Enquired where I was. Didn't know my own lodgings. Thought I was in a tavern. Felt a little feverish. Call'd for water. Pretended I'd been eating salt fish. The servant smil'd. B'lieve the dog smok'd me. Look'd grum at him. 'Twouldn't do, though.

9 o'clock.—Got out of bed. Went into the street. Pretty dark night. Pawed the girls as they walk'd along—Like to get my head broke for my impudence. *Mem.* Mind whom I attempt to insult hereafter.

10 o'clock.—Went to a tavern. Joined some jolly toppers. Drank freely.

11 o'clock.—Drinking still.

12 o'clock.—Drinking yet.

1 o'clock.—Pretty drunk—drinking still.

2 o'clock.—Kick'd up a Row. Broke decanters and glasses. Knock'd down two of the company.

3 o'clock.—Was carried home, and put to bed by my companions.

4—till 9 o'clock.—Asleep; on waking, felt dreadful sick. Must quit drinking. *Mem.* Begin to-morrow. So I said yesterday !—

10 o'clock.—Called up in haste—a gentleman wanted to see me. Jump'd out of bed. Dressed myself. Ran down stairs in a great hurry. Head very dizzy. Opened the front door. My tailor popp'd his bill in my face. And no money. Shoemaker sent. No money. *Quere.* How the c——I should I, when I don't mind my business.

Spectacles.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship: to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such Speculatists, by expecting too much from Friendship, dissolve the connexion, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length breaks them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind, to persuade us to Friendships, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds, or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate Friendship, find ingratitude repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connexions more nearly equal; and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burden; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants, was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits, and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may easily be supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed, in the common acceptance of the world, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

LEVITY.

A QUIDNUNC once making a vehemently political speech, frequently in the

course of it, spoke of his forefathers, and their noble deeds. 'Four Fathers!' exclaimed an Irishman standing by, 'faith, but it is extremely fortunate for the gentleman that he has so many fathers to talk about; for my own part, I had but one, and he was an honest potatoe merchant, in the county of Connaught.'

MUNDEN complaining to a theatrical friend of the recent loss of his purse from his dressing room, his friend began to soliloquise from Shakspeare—

"He who steals my purse, steals trash,
"Tis something, nothing."

"Nothing! Sir," interrupted Munden; "by the gods, mine had ten pounds in it."

THE manager of a Provincial Theatre, lately addressed the following letter to a friend:—

Dear Will—I hear that a *Young Romeo* has just sprung up in your neighbourhood—I wish you would expose him next post.

AN Elegy upon a lady, who had been twice married, and left thirteen children, in an Irish paper, begins thus—'Adieu, sweet Maid.'

AMONG all the *Patents* that have been granted in this or any other country, nothing goes beyond a sign-board in the neighbourhood of London, where an ingenious gardener designates himself a dealer in *Patent vegetables*.

'Dick,' said a gentleman, who had just come from a coffee-house, to his servant. 'I have lost my gold-headed cane; some fellow has carried it off, and left me this ash twig instead.' The footman replied, with true simplicity, unconscious of his *bon mot*, 'Upon my word, Sir, I don't wonder at it, there are so many sticks at coffee-houses.'

A GENTLEMAN being told of an attorney dying very rich, and leaving a handsome legacy in his will to found a hospital, neatly observed, 'I am glad to hear

it; it will be an asylum for those he has ruined.'

A PEDANTIC parson being out courting, and puss being in view, conceitedly exclaimed—'There's the *HARE* apparent! Upon which, a country fellow roared out, 'Dang it, where? I wants hugely to see his Royal Highness!'

A DEAD DIALOGUE.

"Pray, Madam, how do you do?"

"Dead, Ma'am, with the tooth ache."

"Lord, I am sorry for it; but I myself have been *dead* these three weeks, and poor little Jacky is *dying* of the same complaint."

Saturday, September 12th.

The Theatre was opened on Wednesday evening—a numerous and respectable auditory were assembled, and although the entertainments possessed not the charm of novelty to recommend them, we believe the audience were satisfactorily entertained. The house is splendid, and very commodious. The *patrician* stage boxes, however, and those immediately over them, from the circumstance of their being enclosed on the side next the audience, must necessarily obstruct the view of numbers who are placed in those adjoining them. The improvements, notwithstanding, are worthy the manager, who, we hope, will be amply remunerated by a discerning public.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight Mr. William M'Clure, to Miss Margaret Boyd, both of this city.

The City Inspector reports the death of 67 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

DIED.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. John O'Riley,

* * We have about twenty sets of the preceding numbers of the present volume of this work, which may be obtained on our usual terms. Orders, post paid, enclosing two dollars, the amount of the annual subscription, will be strictly attended to.

We acknowledge the receipt of several communications, which shall be attended to next week.



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

A FATHER'S

Expostulation with his Children, on their quarrels at play.

WHY do those clouds of angry humour low'r,
My thoughtless children! o'er your playful hour?
Betty and *Mary*, why this distance keep?—
Why pouts *Maria*? why does *Lucy* weep?
Let not those little feudful passions reign,
To mar your sports, and give my bosom pain,
While thus I moralize:—The time is near
Which will, perhaps, demand a serious tear:
The day of separation soon will come,
To break the bond that binds you to your home;
While memory paints each scene of infant mirth,
The garden play place—the parental hearth—
Then on the wings of rapture would you fly,
To meet again in such society!
Gladly forget each petulant offence,
To share again the kiss of innocence!
For cruel is that world you have to prove;
Its smile is treachery! Death its boasted love!
Yes! trust a father's undissembled song,
False is mankind and prone to every wrong;
Oh! never may you mourn his faithless arts,
With unavailing tears, and aching hearts,
When parent eyes can watch your weal no more,
And my solitudes must all be o'er:
May heaven's sweet grace your virtues then em-
balm,
And every rising storm of passion calm!
Be wise betimes, forget each past offence;
Shake hands, and share the kiss of innocence:
In sisterly affection long unite,
'Twill sweeten life and make its burthen light.
Now to your mirth—be happy while you may,
And snatch from grudging Care one envied day.

Epitaph on a Mr. Peck.

Here lies a peck, which some men say
Was first of all a peck of clay;
For sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved this peck of troubles;
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a peck of dust.

The following lines are the first attempt we recollect to have seen celebrating the loves of the Chinese in the harmony of song.

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt
A lady matchless fair,
Throughout all China there was none
That could with her compare.
'Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
That fir'd her speaking eye;
With one sweet glance she stole the heart
Of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows,
Her brows by nature were
More thin, more beautifully form'd
Than others pluck'd with care.
'Twas on her cheek and on her brow,
And in her deep set eye
Love bade his arrow lurk, to wound
Poor Hoang Si.

Why sweetly tottering mov'd the maid
In garden and in grove?
Too little were her beauteous feet!
To bear the queen of love!
Why strove she not by look or word?
But stood with downcast eye—
Love gave her silence voice to speak
To Hoang Si.

When Haug mov'd all other grace
Eclipsed was and gone;
As taper lights when Phœbus shines,
At night or break of morn.
Like little diamonds dropp'd in snow
Were her bright eyes, but ah!
Relentless parents bid them beam
On Song-lin Shah.

O why did fortune make her rich?
Or why was I so poor?
I met the lustre of her eye
And thought the bliss secure;
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
Successful woo'd, for ah!
Too cruel fate! herself she gave
To Song-lin Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
And left me quite forlorn;
I wandered to the desert's drear
With all my garments torn.
I taught the caverns to complain—
I made their echoes cry,
Reverberative to my moans,
Poor Hoang Si!

I have been in the Indian lands,
And on the Persian sea,

But never, never could regain
My heart's sweet liberty.
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace,
And borne the sword, yet ah!
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
Of Song-lin Shah.

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir—If you think the following a proper subject for your miscellany, you will oblige me by giving it a place therein.

HOPE.

MAN like a flower at morn appears,
And blooms, perhaps, a few short years;
The flatterer HOPE still leads him on,
Pursuing pleasure, finding none:
Or if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wing and flies away.

Oft things that promise passing fair,
Deceive, and yield him nought but care:
Cares, ever various, ever new,
Is all the happiest ever knew.
Comes Joy?—Care with it comes along,
And spoils the Syren's sweetest song.

See PLEASURE, with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms;
The vision swift dissolves in air,
He grasps—but finds she is not there:
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues!

A better hope the Christian cheers,
Which joyful through life's gloom appears;
Firm on a Rock his hope he builds,
Which to no storm nor tempest yields—
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear,
For why—his Hope's not fixed here.

He looks to heaven, where every joy
Is pure, unmixed with alloy;
Joys, such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd Fancy ever drew:
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heaven and earth should both decay!

Tho' here afflictions do annoy,
Their sorrow shall be turn'd to joy;
Tho' troubles here the sigh do raise,
There's nothing heard in heaven but praise,
Pleasures past utterance they share,
And face to face see Jesus there.

And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of this glorious hope beguile?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heaven seem little in our eyes?
It must not be, vain dreams away—
We look for Joys that ne'er decay.

LYSANTER.